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Antwerp Cathedral.

(B. Reeve, in the 'Christian Pictorial.')

The continental cathedrals are the museums of sacred art, and in them, more often than in the picture galleries, are preserved the best works of the old masters. Antwerp, rich in its associations with Rubens, the greatest of the Flemish painters, contains in its principal church not only his most famous picture, 'The Descent from the Cross,' but others of almost equal merit, and quite a number of specimens by distinguished members of the same school.

The building of the cathedral was commenced in 1352 and finished in 1559. Over sixty men are constantly employed keeping it in repair. It is a Gothic structure, with a spire numbering among the finest on the continent, being nearly 400 feet in height, and possessing a splendid peal of bells, the largest of which, named Carolus, after Charles V., weighs 16,000 pounds, and requires the strength of sixteen men to ring it. These bells were hung in 1483. The clock is of slightly earlier construction (1457-8.) The interior of the cathedral is richly ornamented with paintings and wood carving. Some valuable paintings by Otto Venus, Van Dyck and others, have been collected and added quite recently. 'The Marriage at Cana' and 'Christ in the Sepulchre,' by Martin de Vas, and several pictures by Otto Venus, represent the two generations immediately prior to Rubens, of whose works the cathedral possesses four. The chief of these, 'The Descent from the Cross,' is regarded as the most eloquent Scriptural painting in the world and is the main attraction to the church; but its companion, 'The Elevation of the Cross' (1610), is scarcely inferior to it. 'The Ascension of the Blessed Virgin' (1626), forms the high altar piece. It was acquired at a cost of 16,000 florins, and is said to have been completed in sixteen days. The remaining example by Rubens, 'The Resurrection of Jesus Christ' (1611), is smaller than the rest, but is a beautiful specimen of the artist's work. One feels a longing to stand before the masterpieces and absorb their every detail, but the guide, though courteous, is a man of business and cannot afford too much time to each. We should probably come again and again until we had in some measure satisfied our longing, were it not for the fact that each occasion means an expenditure of one franc for admission to the church and another as the guide's fee, except on Friday mornings, when, however, the great pictures are concealed by curtains. The chapter of Antwerp Cathedral should be a wealthy corporation, and the position of verger a lucrative post!

Rubens had a fancy, so says the attendant, for incorporating into his pictures the portraits of the members of his family and other acquaintances; thus, his three wives, his father, grandfather, sister-in-law, and pupils are represented in his paintings in the guise of Scriptural characters.

ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

Upon a pillar in the Chapel of the Virgin is a painting on white marble representing the face of Jesus Christ, with full eyes, which gaze on you at every turn. It is more than 400 years old, and has been attributed to several artists, but is probably the work of Murillo, whose portrait of Francis of Assisi is in the south transept.

The carved pulpit (1610) represents the four quarters of the globe; and, according to the custodian, that in the Cathedral at Brussels (1652) was copied from it. Having seen both, however, I cannot support his assertion. The one at Antwerp is less cumbersome, but that at Brussels is far more bold and original in its design. The choir stalls, which, like much of the stained glass, are modern, contain a very curious feature. The English tourist looks incredulous when the guide confidently assures him that 'he has Mr. Gladstone and the Earl of Beaconsfield' in the church; yet one is compelled afterwards to admit the reasonableness of the assertion. Upon one side of the chancel is a head bearing an unmistakable likeness to the venerable statesman whose features we know so well; whilst immediately opposite is the figure of a monk, which only requires the addition of the curly lock upon the forehead and the tuft of beard to complete its resemblance to the departed Primrose leader. This singularity was observed about eleven years since by some English visitors; but, according to the artists themselves, it is quite unintentional.

A line of brass running through the stone pavement in front of the chancel marks the exact centre of old Antwerp in 1600.

On the outer wall of the tower, by the side of the west entrance to the church, is a slab to the memory of Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith of Louvain, who, to win a bride, left his forge and became an artist. The anvil, hammer, and pincers are emblems of the arduous toil of his earlier years, while the palette and brushes tell of the nobler art to which his after life was given. Almost immediately in front of this is a well, surmounted by a wrought-iron canopy, a specimen of Matsys' skill in his first occupation.

Situated in the poorer part of the city, near the riverside, is St. Paul's Church, a dull, heavy building, but after the Cathedral and the church of St. Jacques —containing the tomb of Rubens—the most interesting ecclesiastical structure in Antwerp. At the upper end of the churchyard, built against the wall of the church, is a representation in grotto work and stone of the Crucifixion and events connected with it. On the topmost ledge of rock stands a large crucifix. At its base is a skeleton, while round the cross a serpent twines. Mary stands on one side, gazing at her dying son, and on the other the beloved disciple, looking at the spectator and pointing him to the cross. Other figures occupy the lower edges, and under the main archway is the sepulchre, with the horrors of purgatory depicted on either side.

God's Work.

(Lina Orman Cooper.)

Many years ago, there came to the door of a celebrated monastery a man asking to be received as a lay-brother.

'I am anxious to serve God,' he pleaded. 'Make me what you like.'

The Abbot was a stern man. He wanted to prove whether the supplicant was in earnest.

'What can you do?' he enquired. 'Can you read and write?'

'Neither can I do,' humbly replied the stranger.

'Can you illuminate our parchments, or paint the walls of our chapel?'

'No! I can do nothing like that. But' —and the thin, eager face brightened—'I can cook!'

So, for twenty-seven long years, Brother Lawrence cooked for the monks. Then he died.

But before he died he left us a little book. I hold it in my hand as I write. It is called

'The Practice of the Presence of God.'

In it Lawrence tells of the pain he first felt at being nothing better than a cook. He so envied those learned brethren who could pore over the musty old parchments all day and turn them into gold. He envied the choristers who sang, the musicians who could play. He envied the preacher who spoke in the pulpit, and the master who taught in the schools. All these were, he considered, doing God's work. He was only—cooking!

Then one day he dreamed a dream, wherein was set forth the dignity of all work, and he concludes his story with saying,—

'I found it was not change of work I needed. It was change of motive. From henceforward, I made my pies and cooked my capons for the Lord—not for my brethren. And, behold! I found that cooking was even God's work!'

Now, I think this simple narrative from across the many years comes to each of us to-day.

Some think this is the beginning of a new century. Yet there may be no new work for many of us to do. We do not need such. If necessary, let there be change of motive. Let our daily, trivial tasks be done as unto the Lord and not unto me. The baby must be minded, the socks darned, the dusting done. About even these little duties we hear a voice saying,—

'Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently' (Jer. xlviii. 10, marg.).

Now, a dictionary will tell us that negligently means 'carelessly' or 'heedlessly.' Are you doing your work 'carelessly,' dear sisters, because you want to give more time to what you consider is God's work? Nay! do every bit of housework as well as you can, or this warlike verse will surely testify against you.

We have, perhaps, often heard of the servant girl who showed she had given her heart to do God's work by sweeping under the mats! A poet has sung just such an action,—

'Who sweeps a room as by God's laws
Makes that and the action fine.'

Something very much the same was once said to me by another housemaiden. She enquired one day,—

'How can I work for God when all my time is taken up in housework? Yet, I should like to do something for him.'

I turned her to St. John ii., and showed her how the servants there contributed to the glory of our Saviour's first miracle by obedience. 'They filled the waterpots to the brim.'

Her face lit up a few days after this conversation when I asked her how she was getting on.

'Oh! I always fill the water-jugs now, and don't leave rims of dust in the corners!'

That girl had solved the question of God's work as Lawrence solved it hundreds of years before her. It was just what her hand found to do.

There may be no grand prospects before you and me in all the twentieth century. But we can live in the practice of the presence of God. In that presence, everything we touch will turn into 'pure gold.'

An old Scotch woman proved this to be true.

'I can pray without ceasing,' quoth old Janet, 'tho' I hae ne'er an instant to spare. In the morn when I open my eyes, I pray, "Lord, open the eyes o' my understandin' that I may weel understand thy laws." Whilst dressin' I pray, "Lord, clothe me wi' the robe o' righteousness." At the washstand I pray, "Lord, may I be washed in the fountain opened for sin an' uncleanness." When kindling the fire, I pray, "O Lord! kindle a fire o' love in this cold heart o' mine." Whilst sweepin' I pray, "Lord, may my heart be swept clean o' all its abominations." '

Here the pivot of life was prayer. Is ours the same?

Let our cry be, not so much for great things to do as for grace to serve God perfectly out of an honest heart. The greatest saint I know is a girl who has never left her home. She controls the servants, keeps accounts, struggles in the farm, entertains guests, nurses her aged parents, provides the food, mends the clothes. She is doing what she can. One day I know she will hear the cry, 'Well done, good and faithful servant! Thou hast been faithful over a few things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

No one will have power with men who has not power with God for men; the victory may seem to be won whilst we persuade men, but it has to be previously won in the place of intercession. This place was to Jesus a place of agony and death: and there is no soul-winning without pain and sacrifice.—James Stalker.

Sixteen Blind Men Converted

(A. P. Graves, D.D., in the 'Standard'.)

In a ministry of half a century there was no occasion of more thrilling interest than when I visited a blind asylum and led sixteen of its inmates to Christ. It was in a western town. As I stood upon the platform of the opera house one night, just before preaching, I saw a man entering the door holding the hand of another. I soon saw that he was at the head of quite a long company, each holding the hand of the other. I at once concluded he was the superintendent of the blind asylum. He led his company down the aisle and seated them. I preached tenderly and the blind men listened earnestly and with apparent deep interest. At the close of the service the superintendent invited me to visit the asylum and address the inmates. That night I went to my bed with prayer and anxiousness for the souls of these blind men.

The next morning at the close of the early meeting I repaired to the asylum, and said to the superintendent my work was pressing, but I would give him thirty minutes. He at once called the seventy-five inmates of the institution together, and after a few remarks on their soul's welfare, I asked, 'How many of you are Christians? The hands of sixty persons went up quickly. I then asked how many were not Christians? Sixteen hands went up at once. I then invited these to a room alone. They sat around me in a circle with ready ears and anxious hearts. I at once gave them the words of Jesus in John iii., 14, 15: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up. That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.' I explained to them that God required of the thousands who had been bitten in the wilderness to look and be saved. And that the salvation was not in the brazen serpent on the pole, nor the look nor their feelings, but God said that every man that looketh shall live. The saving was because God said so. But if there had been any blind persons among that large company, they could not look and would have had no chance. But now Jesus says that everyone that believeth.

Could you have seen those sixteen blind souls, waiting and anxious, grasp this thought. They believed at once and their countenances lighted up in the brightness of him who is the light of the world. And in twenty minutes from the time I took my seat in the circle of these blind fellow-travellers to eternity they all gave evidence that they were redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.

Ignoramus.

The late Bishop of Derry, Ireland, used to be very hard upon sceptics. 'You young men,' he once said to a congregation of undergraduates at Oxford, 'are very proud to call yourselves "Agnostics." It's a Greek word. I don't think you're equally fond of its Latin equivalent, namely, "Ignoramus." '

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date theron is August, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Nettie's Memorial

(Frances McElrath, in 'Youth's Companion.')

'I don't suppose we could afford a wrought-iron railing around it, Thomas?'

Mrs. Dorr glanced up from the paper on her lap at her husband, sitting beside her in the railway car. There was a questioning smile on her small, rosy old face.

'Why, mother, we'll try to, if you want it,' he replied. 'But we must go slow with other expenses.'

He had a cheerful, rich-toned voice, which age had mellowed, as it had his whole nature. He leaned toward his wife with gentle attention.

'I'd be willing to travel second-class all the way home to save the money,' she said.

He patted her on the shoulder indulgently, as one would a child, to the great satisfaction of a little girl in the seat just behind. She was a bright-faced, golden-haired child about eight years old, dressed in light-blue cashmere trimmed with white lace. The lace was soiled and tawdry, and the frock scarcely covered her knees. Below it were a pair of pink stockings and some shabby little bronze shoes. A dingy, gray velvet cloak and a large whitish hat in the rack overhead completed her fanciful, squalid costume.

She had large, observant eyes which, young as they were, had been somewhat trained to appreciate effects, and the dainty little old lady with the stately old husband suited her fancy.

'They're just like Lord Almont and Lady Clarissa,' she thought, and she recited to herself, with tiny dramatic fervor:

'"For four and thirty years, m'lord, we've been as one, meeting with a single heart life's griefs and joys—" I wish they'd talk to me a little!' she broke off, pensively.

The paper Mrs. Dorr held was a pen and ink sketch of a winged figure, lightly poised on top of a round pedestal. It represented a flying angel with fluttering drapery, and one arm pointed upward.

The paper was yellow and had thumb-marks round the edges. Mrs. Dorr had handled it daily for twenty years—ever since she had received this design for a memorial stone to her little dead daughter. The Dorrs were on their way now with intent to have the marble cut and raised over Nettie's grave in San Francisco, where she had died.

Mrs. Dorr's desire to erect this memorial to her child had been balked by lack of money for many years. The statue was elaborate and expensive, and Mr. Dorr's income was small. They had to economize strictly to save at all. But Mrs. Dorr had done this with a method that had finally accomplished her purpose.

The idea of the memorial was her own, and, once conceived, its fulfilment seemed an almost sacred obligation due to Nettie. She wore her old clothes into positive shabbiness. She managed the household funds and dispensed with luxuries of every sort.

Finally the value of Mr. Dorr's paid-up insurance policy had been drawn, and the greater part of this, with her savings, made up the necessary sum.

Mr. Dorr patiently agreed to all his wife's plans, the matter seemed so near her heart. But sometimes he felt that a less pretentious monument might be more consistent with their means. He was naturally liberal, and he felt the cross of never having anything to give away. But he did not hurt his wife by suggesting this. Often he wondered how she would occupy her mind when the all-absorbing object was accomplished.

He was thinking about that as he watched his wife studying the familiar angel picture in the train. Suddenly a light touch was laid on his arm.

'If you please, sir, can you do tricks?' a clear, childish voice asked in his ear.

'Eh?' he said, turning abruptly.

The little girl in the seat behind was standing at his shoulder. There was a friendly and rather wistful smile on her face.

'Do you do tricks?' she repeated, jerking her pretty, fluffy head sidewise, like a canary.

Mr. Dorr's large face beamed broadly. 'Do I look like a trained monkey?' he asked.

The child laughed lightly and explained: 'I mean tricks with paper and toothpicks and things. Because I can, and if you'll give me six matches and five more I'll show you how they'll make—how many?'

'Eleven?'

'Nine!' she cried merrily, clapping her hands.

Mr. Dorr gave her some matches from his pocket. She knelt on the floor and deftly arranged them upon the seat so as to form the letters NINE. Then she smiled brightly up at the two pairs of eyes twinkling in amusement down over the back of the seat at her.

'Mr. Blaney taught me that,' she remarked. 'He could do tricks with anything. Why, I b'lieve he'd make one out of a ham sandwich!'

'Who is Mr. Blaney, my dear?' asked Mrs. Dorr.

'Oh he's leading gentleman—of our company, you know, Watermann's Stars,' the child explained, and the old lady's face expressed mild disapproval.

'Are you a theatre child?' she asked.

The little thing nodded; then recollecting herself, she shook her head.

'Well, I'm not any more because Watermann's Stars went broke.

'Where are your papa and mamma?'

'Died. Years before I was born. I don't remember at all.'

'Deary me!' said Mrs. Dorr, compassionately. 'Who takes care of you?'

'Why, 'most everybody!' The child gave a little laugh with a vague suggestion of sorrow in it. But she went on brightly, telling off her various protectors with her fingers:

'First, the 'sylum people; then Minnie Grant 'dopted me out so I could play "The Child" in "Rushlights"; then she went starring, and the Blaneys took me; then, when we broke up, they hadn't any money, so the society took me; and now,' she stopped a moment to swallow a lump in her throat, 'now it's going to be the woman. That's all my right hand used up. I s'pose I can soon count all my left fingers, too!' she ended, merrily.

Mrs. Dorr had ready sympathies. So many changes in such a scrap of life struck her as pathetic. Her eyes were moist.

'Who is the woman?' she asked.

The little girl lifted her heavy lace collar. Beneath it, stitched to her frock, was a small square of white muslin bearing the words:

Myrtle Bender,
For Mrs. Jane Stupson,
Wellstown, North Dakota.

'I'm an express package,' she remarked, with the little laugh that was so suggestive of tears. She had purposely fixed the collar so as to hide the label.

'You're Myrtle, I suppose,' Mrs. Dorr said, kindly, 'and you are going out to North Dakota to Mrs. Stupson?'

'She takes girls from the society and teaches them to work, and they sent me because I'm so big—and I'm strong,' said Myrtle, throwing out her little chest.

'I'm going to be a farm-hand, and I'm very glad, because I never saw a farm, but there was a farm scene in "Rushlights," and it was so pretty, with lots of trees and grass and flowers, and a cow painted, eating right among them, and the cunningest house near the right wing that Minnie Grant came out of, holding my hand and carrying some butter, a brook on the left where she went to wash it, and she sang such a beautiful song about a dairying-maid,—that's what she was in the play,—and we both wore the beautifulest dresses! I do love a farm!'

Mr. Dorr said 'Humph!' very thoughtfully.

'So you're glad to go to live with Mrs. Stupson,' Mrs. Dorr said.

'Well, not exactly glad,' Myrtle replied, very slowly. 'You see, I don't know her. But the gentleman at the society told me she must be a very nice lady to give a little girl a home, and I must be thankful. And I'm not going to cry, anyhow!' she added, quickly, brushing away two big tears. 'I think I'll go and ask if I can play with that baby; it's fretting again.'

As she ran down the aisle to a wan-looking woman who was making weary attempts to quiet a fractious baby, Mr. Dorr looked after her. His old face was suffused with admiration.

'There's a brave little body, mother,' he said. 'She isn't going to cry! No, indeed! She's going to forget her own troubles by helping someone else with hers.'

Then he shook his head thoughtfully. 'I'm afraid she's going to be disappointed in her farm. That part of Dakota has no trees and few flowers.'

'Poor little soul!' said his wife. 'I wish she could see our apple orchard just now.'

Mr. Dorr smiled at the thought. 'Wouldn't she enjoy that great tree where Nettie's swing was?'

'I wonder if her theatre brook was anything like the one at the foot of our garden?'

'It didn't have live fish in it, and I expect she'd like those. Mother!' The word came with such ejaculatory emphasis and Mrs. Dorr jumped.

'Well, Thomas?' inquired.

A little flush had risen to Thomas Dorr's fine face, but it faded quickly. 'I was just thinking how much I'd like to do

something for a little soul like that— if I had the means,' he said, after a pause.

Mrs. Dorr sighed. She wished she were rich, so that she might help such cases. The dainty little actress did not look as if she would succeed as a farm-hand.

'But we're old people,' Mr. Dorr went on, 'with only our home and enough to bury us to call our own.'

'Except the memorial money,' added his wife.

'Yes?' he said, quickly.

The old lady had begun to muse on her favorite subject. She did not notice his tone of inquiry.

'I never shall cease to be grateful that we can make a memorial to our Nettie's happy life,' she said. 'It is worth any personal sacrifice.'

Myrtle was successful in amusing the baby. When it fell asleep she returned to the Dorrs. She talked to them all the afternoon. They did not refer to Mrs. Stupson, and her other homes seemed to have been happy ones. She was very bright and cheerful, and had a great many stories to tell of her theatrical friends and the charity people. She seemed to love them all.

She had seen any number of interesting things since she left New York, three days before. She had gone away in charge of the train conductor, who transferred her to his successor when he left the train, and he to his successor; and so on she had been shifted from one conductor to the next, until she was put on the Northern Pacific train.

At six o'clock the Pullman porter came into the day car to carry the Dorr's luggage back to the sleeper, where they had engaged berths for the night.

Myrtle slept on the seat where she was. The conductor would bring her a pillow, she said. She showed her new friend she could be comfortable by doubling her knees a very little. Then she kissed them both good-by. She should not see them again, as the train reached Wellstown, where she was to get off, at five the next morning.

'I do hope the Stupson woman will appreciate the child,' Mrs. Dorr said during the evening. 'Everyone she's been with so far evidently has been good to her.'

Thomas Dorr faced about to his wife with impressive earnestness. They had been sitting silently thinking for the past hour.

'Mother, it's her own sweet nature that's good to her. She's got good eyes. They see what's best in everybody, and they don't see meannesses.' He had lost his heart to the little girl.

'The Lord grant she'll grow up in that mind!' said the old woman, devoutly.

'She will if she's at all properly treated!' Mr. Dorr spoke with an energy that was almost indignation.

After a while Mrs. Dorr said, 'Thomas, fancy our Nettie being buffeted about like this baby! '

Mr. Dorr was already thinking something of the kind. He sat up very erect, with his hands on the silver knob of his cane. He looked rather stern. That was his way when anything troubled him. He was a good man, with a heart for all children through the memory of his own little one.

The car made a low noise. A thought of his gradually fitted itself to the creaky tune and kept repeating itself. He glanced now and then at his wife, furtively, as if he wanted to say something, but did not quite like to.

Presently, when she took the angel picture out of her satchel and began studying it with an eye to possible improvements, he gave up the effort. Then he went to bed and fell asleep with the refrain still in his ears.

About four o'clock Thomas Dorr was wakened with a confused sense of danger. The train was going at an alarming speed. He raised the shade and looked out. The prairie was covered with the dull gray of approaching morning. Over in the east, behind a ridge of jutty hills lined up against the horizon, the sky was just beginning to lighten.

Meaning to inquire the cause of the unusual speed, Mr. Dorr got up and pulled on his clothes. He had scarcely accomplished this feat when the car gave a fearful lurch, and then came to a standstill with a thud.

There was a babel of screams and frightened questions. Several passengers had been thrown from the berths, but no one in the Pullman car was seriously injured. The accident had been further forward. The baggage-car and two day-coaches were overturned. It was not explained just how it had happened. The people who escaped unhurt helped the less fortunate ones. The engine pushed on to Wellstown, three miles distant, for medical assistance.

Three-quarters of an hour later a number of people from town had collected about the wreck. Among them was a woman who drove in a white-topped buckboard. She was a large, vigorous person of about forty, in a brown jeans dress and a white sunbonnet, which made her florid, strong-featured face look redder than was natural.

She left her horse a short distance from the train and walked with long, determined strides over to where some quiet figures were laid out in a row on the sage-brush. Sheets had been thrown over them, and these the woman raised unceremoniously.

'I'm lookin' for a girl that was to have come on this morning's express,' she explained to a bystander. 'She's bound over to me. I reckon she came in one of the upset cars, and I thought maybe she'd be here. I don't want her if she's crippled. They'll have to take her off my hands if she is. I said I'd take a stout young 'un who'd soon be some help.'

'I guess she ain't here,' she said, when she had examined all. 'I wonder where she be? I guess I'll ask the conductor,' and she went off.

The incident occurred directly outside the window of the Dorr's berth in the Pullman car. The window was open and little Myrtle, whom Mr. Dorr had found and brought to his wife, was lying beside it, helpless and frightened from the accident, but quite conscious, and hearing every word the woman spoke. She did not, however, realize that she was the subject of the remarks. She looked up with a weak little smile at the Dorrs, who were standing beside her.

'I'm glad I'm not that girl,' she said, and they exchanged troubled glances.

They were waiting for the surgeon to come to Myrtle. Mrs. Dorr sat down on the side of the berth and took the hand of the child, who had grown strangely dear to her in their few hours' acquaintance.

Myrtle closed her eyes. She was trying to be brave. The pain made her pale as death. Something in the still, white face brought a flood of memories surging through Mrs. Dorr's mind, memories of her Nettie, and with them came a deep and tender realization of the crying need of a young nature for real mother-love and understanding. She recalled the hard voice of the woman outside the window with a shudder. Poor little Myrtle was going to this!

'Thomas!' said Mrs. Dorr, in a sort of gasp.

Then she stopped. An idea had come which made her heart throb terribly. She was trembling.

While Mrs. Dorr was striving to collect herself and speak the surgeon entered the car, followed closely by the large woman in the brown jeans gown.

'You'll have to say fair and square how much she's hurt. I ain't a-goin' to raise no cripple. An' the railway's got to stand the doctors' bills if I take her at all,' she was saying.

Mrs. Dorr gave a kind of leap down the aisle at her. 'Be still, you heartless thing!' she said, sternly.

The woman was twice the size of the old lady, but she was quite frightened by the sudden attack. She stopped in the middle of the car.

'Stay there until I speak to my husband!' commanded Mrs. Dorr. She never had felt so imperative before in her life. Mrs. Dorr drew her husband aside from Myrtle.

'Thomas,' she said, tremulously, 'Thomas, dear, I've been thinking—I wonder what you'll say, my dear. I've been thinking, Thomas, maybe instead of expending our money to build the memorial we might —' She stopped and lifted her eyes anxiously to his.

'We might use it to keep and educate this little girl,' he finished for her. There was a glow on his face. He stooped and kissed his little, elderly wife very tenderly.

They went over to Mrs. Stupson. When the doctor had concluded his examination of Myrtle, they called him to them.

'The little girl's collar-bone and right arm and left ankle are broken,' he said. 'She'll come out all right in time, but she'll probably be laid up for several months.'

He made the report to Mrs. Stupson. She looked at the Dorrs. 'I ain't sorry to let her off my hands. I never set eyes on the child,' she remarked.

One evening about two years later Thomas Dorr and his wife sat together on the front porch of their house in Thrifton, Minnesota. They were almost completely walled in by honeysuckle and climbing roses, for the month was fragrant June.

The old people sat in the entrance, and the vines made an oval frame round their heads. The full moon shining through the great trees in front of the house cast a soft light on their faces. Both wore an intent look

They had been listening for some minutes to a child's voice singing in the room directly above them. The window was open, and the sound of Myrtle's voice came out with happy little trills as she pre-

pared for bed. The chair she had lately vacated was drawn close to Mrs. Dorr's.

Mr. Dorr slipped his hand into his wife's.

'Mother,' he said, 'how happy she is! How happy she has made us! What a blessing that she is so perfectly well! I'm sure she will be a noble woman. And the building of a beautiful life for the sake of our Nettie is a much more precious memorial than anything we could possibly have made of marble.'

Music on a Freight Train.

(William H. Hamby, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

In spite of jerks and jolts and irregular time, there is one freight train on which it is always pleasant to ride. It is a local on the Burlington between Brookfield, Mo., and St. Joseph.

The entire crew on this local are Christians, and three of them sing in the Presbyterian choir at Brookfield. The conductor is a tenor, and a brakeman, known as 'Fatty,' on account of his size, sings bass. Each has an exceptionally fine voice, and conversation among the passengers always ceases when they break into song.

The other evening I was on that train when it was four hours late. Usually the trainmen on this local are home by five o'clock; but that day they were not only late, but had had no time to get supper. Their work was extra heavy, and all the more troublesome on account of having to do it after dark. Hearty appetites that have not tasted food for seven hours do not as a rule add to the good humor of the possessors; but in spite of this they kept their good humor, and answered time after time the useless questions of the impatient passengers, and cheerfully, too.

While we waited on the siding at a little station, just as it was growing dark, the conductor and the three brakemen began singing, 'One sweetly solemn thought.' Those who did not understand seemed amazed, for they instantly perceived it was being sung reverently. During the remainder of the trip the best of humor prevailed, even though four passengers had missed their connections by the delay.

One day, while switched at a little town, Fatty found an organ on the depot platform waiting to be expressed. He sat down, and began to play and sing a church hymn. In less than five minutes twenty people had gathered around, looking and listening in open astonishment. That a man in dirty work-clothes should sit down to an organ was surprising, but that a brakeman should sing a religious song reverently was simply astonishing.

The influence of these men is remarkable. I have often travelled on that train, but have never yet heard an oath or dirty story, and there is seldom any display of temper. They do their duty well and sing as they go; and many there are of trainmen and passengers who come and go bearing away unconsciously happier thoughts and kindlier feelings because of the songs that were sung on a freight-train.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

My Brother.

(A. M. Griffin, in 'Methodist Welcome.)

Far from London town there lived a youth whom we will call James Arkell. The only guardian he had ever known, the 'Parish,' had early apprenticed him to a tailor.

This tailor, like many another in those primitive times, carried on his business chiefly by travelling from one farm to another, often remaining at one place for several days, sharing the family meals. Seated cross-legged on a table, the master tailor made and mended for the men folk, while the apprentice who accompanied him heated the irons and performed odds and ends of work as required.

After a few years of this life, Arkell's master died, and the youth, being quick and obliging, managed to keep the trade going, and even accumulated a small store of savings. He was fond of reading, and often envied the curate, for whose exalted position he had an unbounded admiration. The young clergyman was kind to the friendless lad, lending him books, and otherwise assisting him in his efforts to increase his knowledge.

Early one morning, a few days before Christmas, while sitting at work in his little room, James heard the tolling of the village bell. He knew there was to be a funeral that morning; but great was his surprise as hour after hour the solemn knell sounded at regular intervals. Laying aside his work, and leaving his door ajar in the primitive fashion of those days, he strolled up the almost deserted street towards the church. Upon a trestle beneath the lych-gate stood a plain coffin, at which a crowd of curious folk were staring with indifference. Under the big yew-trees the curate was pacing to and fro, looking thoroughly disturbed, while the grey-haired sexton sat on a flat tombstone close to an open grave. A silence, only broken by an occasional whisper from the spectators, pervaded the scene.

'What is the matter?' asked the young tailor. 'Who is it? Why don't they go on with the funeral?'

The woman addressed gave an expressive motion of her head towards the coffin, and pursed up her lips.

'Poor young gentleman he's seized,' she explained. 'They 'ont let 'em bury him.'

James looked again, and, sure enough, upright, grim, determined, stood a veritable 'man in possession' beside the coffin.

James Arkell was thoroughly shocked. He had heard of a body being seized for debt, but had never realized the possibility of such a thing. His heart thrilled with intense sympathy for the unknown stranger who was denied the privilege of being laid to rest in his narrow home.

'Is it the young gentleman from the inn?' he asked.

An affirmative nod gave him the answer he expected.

He had heard plenty of talk about the stranger, who had come to the village a few weeks before—how he had spent his money freely, and then gone into debt at one or two of the shops in the neighboring town, and of his sudden illness and death, before the landlord had had time to ascertain his real name and the whereabouts of his friends. The little money left in his purse, and that realized by the sale of his few valuables, had been insufficient to pay his debts; and while being carried in a pauper's coffin to a nameless grave, the senseless body had been taken in custody, and all was at a standstill.

'Poor young fellow!' thought Arkell. 'Like myself, he is evidently without relatives to care for him. But,' he said to himself, as he looked into the blue sky above, 'he is my brother, for God is Father of us all. Shall I not do a brother's part to one who was perhaps even more solitary than I?'

Quickly the young tailor hurried to his simple home, and reaching his treasured hoard, was soon back at the gate. The money was sufficient, and now, all opposition being withdrawn, the solemn service proceeded. Arkell had well earned the right to be chief mourner, and as he stood by the grave, so strong is the force of association, he almost felt he had lost a valued friend.

More than a year had passed uneventfully in James's life, when one morning he received a letter from London. Before breaking the seal, he took it to his friend the curate—so strange a thing as a letter was not to be opened alone! It was brief, and informed the recipient that if he would call on a certain solicitor in London, on a day named, he would hear of 'something to his advantage.' The two young men were inclined at first to believe the missive to be a hoax, and it was decided to take no notice. Second thoughts, however, were wiser. Arkell had long intended to treat himself to a trip to London; he might take his holiday at once—he could then call as desired. If nothing came of it, he would be none the worse, and it would be a pity to lose a possible advantage for lack of a little trouble.

It was with a beating heart that the young man presented himself at the solicitor's office. He was evidently expected, and was shown into a waiting-room, where he sat in a state of anxious suspense. Presently an old lady, richly dressed, entered the room, and after a few questions reminded him of the funeral at which he had acted as chief mourner. 'And now,' she said, 'I wish to do you a service in return for the great service you did for me. Let me know in what way I can best do so. What do you most wish for?'

James thought over his possessions. He had a good watch, suitable clothes; but books—ah! books were always acceptable. He felt he dared not decline the kindness of this stately dame, so somewhat nervously replied:

'Madam, I am extremely fond of study, and a few books——'

He stopped rather abruptly, as the lady impatiently waved her hand.

'Oh!' she said, 'I was not thinking of a trifle like that: have you never had any special wish, any ambition beyond your present occupation?'

In a flash his old longing to enter the Church came back to him, and he answered—though feeling the absurdity of even contemplating such a possibility—

'Madam, the only ambition I have ever had was to be a clergyman.'

'You wish to be a clergyman,' she said. 'Then a clergyman you shall become.'

James Arkell stared in amazement, scarcely believing he had heard aright.

'Come here the day after to-morrow, at

the same time,' continued she, 'and you will find all arranged.'

While he was still endeavoring to express his thanks, she quietly withdrew.

The young man passed the intervening time in a mingled state of astonishment and delight. On his arrival at the lawyer's at the appointed time, he found that a large sum of money had been settled upon him, and a tutor appointed who would guide his studies till he could enter one of the universities. He was also informed that as soon as he was fully ordained a good living would be provided for him. So the tailor lad became a clergyman; and it was to one of his former customers, to whose house he had often been taken by his master, that he related this narrative. He never heard the name of his benefactress; but was given to understand she was a lady of rank, and the stranger he had so pitied was her only son, who had left home in a passion on her refusal to once more pay his gambling debts. The mother had discovered how he had died in the distant village, and heard with gratitude of the lonely village lad who had acted a brother's part to her loved though erring boy.

Take Care of the Rubbish

It is not what we earn but what we save that makes us rich. The southern people are getting hundreds of thousands of dollars for cotton-seed and cotton-seed oil, which for generations was a mere nuisance, and was counted of no value. Some manufacturers sell their goods for the actual cost of manufacture, and make their entire profit from saving the waste products which other manufacturers throw away.

The story of the enormous wealth accumulated by Mr. Cunliff Lister, an English peer, is one of the romances of business.

Going one day into a London warehouse, he came upon a pile of rubbish. He enquired what it was, and was told that it was waste silk.

'What do you do with it?' he asked.

'Sell it for rubbish,' he was told.

Mr. Lister bought it as rubbish at half a penny a pound, and turned it into gold. He discovered, that is to say, how to use silk-waste for the manufacture of plush and other stuffs, and this discovery was the foundation of his financial success.

Mr. Lister is an exception in one respect to the general rule of industrial millionnaires. He did not begin life with a sixpence, nor was his early training that of an errand boy. He belongs to an old county family. He insisted on developing his natural talent for mechanical invention, and persuaded his father to give him a mill instead of a university education. As soon as the mill was built, he became the architect of his own career. Mr. Lister, besides being the proprietor of the largest industrial establishment in the world owned by one man, is one of the largest landed proprietors in the north of England.—'Children's Messenger.

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Herbie the Hero.

TRUE STORY OF A CRIPPLE CHILD'S DEVOTION TO CHRIST.

('Endeavor Herald.')

Among the names that will find prominent place on God's Honor Roll of Heroes, perhaps none will be counted more illustrious than that of the little cripple lad of Moose Jaw, Assa., who, on the twenty-first of January last, was promoted to the immediate presence of the Master whom he loved so well and served so faithfully. The Rev. Mr. Stacey writes:

Herbie Bellamy was born in Moose Jaw, Assa., January 15, 1887. He was a cripple from birth, and owing to some form of spinal trouble, was never able to walk or talk or use his hands. When I moved to Moose Jaw, at the Conference of 1892, Herbie was learning to push himself around with his feet, in a little four-wheeled framed cart, which his father had made for him. He was a bright and interesting little fellow, with expressive eyes, and a mobile countenance; even at that early age there were evidences of a marked spiritual perception and religious development. His home was one calculated to promote the growth of true moral sentiment.

Shortly after our arrival in Moose Jaw, Mrs. Bellamy took charge of the infant class. Then began Herbie's regular attendance at Sunday-school. He at once became interested, learning and, in his own way, reciting the topic, golden text, and main facts of the lesson. Some time after this Dr. McKenzie, of Toronto, visited our town. I was very anxious for him to see Herbie, and during the interview he suggested that while Herbie might never be able to use his hands, he could certainly learn to write with his foot. This proved a most happy and valuable suggestion, and, after a time, the art was acquired with comparative readiness and astonishing skill. During all this time he had shown a special interest in missionary work. When a very litfle boy he had his missionary box, into which was placed every coin that parents or friends gave him. The reward books which he received, year by year, from the Mission Rooms, were always highly prized, and never was he happier in those early days than when his mother would read to him or tell him stories out of his 'missionary book.'

Some time after his mother became infant class teacher, the entire class was organized into a mission band, and Herbie was unanimously chosen president, and henceforth the society was known locally as 'Herbie's Mission Band.' This proved a great blessing to our little friend, still further deepening his sympathy, widening his knowledge, and increasing his interest in mission work. Visits from representatives of the W.M.S., on their way to or from Japan, did much toward centralizing his thought and his interest upon that country, until, finally, he decided to earn enough money to educate a Japanese boy, so that he could take his place, and preach in his native land the Gospel of Christ, which Herbie was unable himself to do. Think of it! a ten-year-old child, speechless and helpless, a physical wreck, undertaking to literally fulfil our Master's last command. But he goes to work, and soon, with pen and foot, is doing business for the Lord, giving, not ten percent, but all, to this object. This one thing he does. He could not go himself to Japan, but he will send his boy in his place. Unable to use tongue, hands, or limbs for Jesus, he has his pen placed between his toes and writes names and short letters, and in that western town it was not difficult for him to get plenty of work. As a result of this year of loving labor, we find in the annual report of the W.M.S. for 1897, the following: 'From Moose Jaw we received the handsome sum of $83, the result of the efforts of a little cripple lad, Master Herbie Bellamy, to be used expressly and only for the education of a pupil in Kanazawa Orphanage.' One year later we find that Herbie's band has raised during the year the almost incredible sum of $160.05, while the ordinary church contributions had increased over fifty percent. On the evening of Sunday, December 4, he talked much with his mother about his Mission Band; he had then himself $69, and said he was going to work hard to make $75 by New Year's. He wished he could make twice as much, for Jesus was so good to him. The following week he was taken ill, and, after six weeks of intense suffering, 'he was not, for God took him.'

All through his life he was subject to sickness and great pain. He was a tender-hearted child and his own experience of suffering gave him keen sympathy with the sufferings and sorrows of others. Very early in life his mother wisely sought to guard against any spirit of discontent that might possibly arise, by telling him of the good and pleasant things in his life and surroundings, thus fostering a spirit of gratitude in his heart. And, indeed, his was a remarkably happy and thankful spirit. Missionary literature furnished just the material for this purpose, which the mother needed, and the boy loved. Out of such teaching, and from such influences, the child developed a lovely, unselfish nature. It was a happy day for him when the Rev. T. Ferrier, his pastor, introduced him to the Conference in Winnipeg last June, not because of any personal gratification, but because it widened his circle of friends, and that meant more work and more money for his boy in Japan, and so he was very glad and thankful. This spirit characterized him till the last. When his poor, shrunken frame was racked with fever, the little suffering saint simply said, 'God is good to give me such nice cold water.' There is a touch of true heroism in the closing scenes of this Christian life. The Lord's work had grown to be with him a spiritual passion, and it was strong even in death. The unselfish, generous nature was beautifully shown in his last request, 'Keep up my Mission Band.'

It is one of the compensations of Christian work in the slums, to watch the development of saintly character in the ruined lives of the worst men and women, when once they discover that we become good not so much by trying to be good as by devoting ourselves to the salvation of others. This is the very essence of sanctification, which means that a man sets himself apart and gives himself to God, in whose hand he lies still, like clay in the hand of the potter.—Rev. Edward Jackson.

What Gracie Decided.

(By Adele E. Thompson, in 'Chris-Intelligencer.')

'"Bear ye one another's burdens," what does that mean, Miss Dean? Is it to carry things for other people?' asked Allie Grey.

'What a stupid,' whispered Bell Dyer to the little girl who sat beside her in Miss Dean's Sunday-school class, 'I know better than that,' and she put up her hand.

'What do you think it is, Bell?' asked Miss Dean.

'It's to do things for those who are having a hard time; my mamma told me so.'

'Yes,' said Miss Dean, 'to help others, to be ready to help, is the true meaning. For there are many kinds of burdens, and many ways in which we can help to carry them.'

'We can give things to poor people,' suggested Edith Corlett.

'Yes,' answered Miss Dean, 'when poverty is the burden we can help in that way. But that is only one way, for sometimes even a smile, a word of sympathy, will make lighter the burden of sorrow. Or a cheery visit, a few flowers, a magazine or a note, something that says "you are remembered," will make easier the burden of those who are sick or shut-in. At home, too, when mamma has a headache, by keeping quiet or amusing baby, you will help with her burden of pain; indeed if you will keep your eyes open you will all the time be finding ways by which you can make the burdens of those around you the easier. You will see, too, that the verse also says "and so fulfil the law of Christ," so we may always know that this is what Jesus wishes us to do. I am glad Allie asked the question, and I hope each one of you will be watchful to see what she can do to help bear the burden of another.'

Then the bell rang for the Sunday-school to close, and of the six girls in Miss Dean's class each one promised herself that she would try to help others whenever she could.

Grace Pryor had not forgotten this when a few days later she met one of her schoolmates who asked, 'Did you know Marion Adams has sprained her ankle? Mrs. Adams told mamma that she has to sit with her foot in a chair, and the doctor says she can't step on it for ever so many days.'

'O, how dull that must be for Marion,' exclaimed Gracie. 'She loves to run and play so well.'

'Yes,' said the other, 'and she'd planned to have such a good time this vacation.'

Gracie kept thinking of poor Marion, so the next afternoon she asked her mamma if she might go and see her, and soon was on the way, a dainty little figure in her fresh white dress, with her blue eyes and sweet round face. As she skipped along, holding her hat by the strings as it slipped back on her shoulders, she heard a voice calling, 'Gracie!' and Kittie Bemis came running down the steps of her home.

'I was just going to send for you. Cousin Dora is here and we wanted you to come over. We're going to have a party for the dolls out in the play-house, and Jane has made sandwiches for us, and little cakes, and tarts and lemonade. I'm so glad you've come, and we will have lots of fun.'

Gracie stopped. Of all her playmates not one had such beautiful things as Kittie. She knew they would have a good time and to stay with her, and gay little Dora was a great temptation.

'I'd love to, Kittie,' she said hesitatingly, 'but I was going to see poor Marion Adams, with her sprained ankle.'

'Oh, you can go there any day,' urged Kittie, 'and Dora will only be here this afternoon.'

Gracie stood very still for a moment, with her eyes on the ground and her finger on her lip, as she had a way of doing when thinking hard. 'No, Kittie,' she said, 'I'm going to grandpa's to-morrow, and if I don't go and see Marion to-day I can't for a long time. She isn't

Two Little Boys.

(For the 'Messenger.')

Two little baby boys,
Two little brothers true,
Two little boys who share their joys
And all their sorrows too.

Two little baby boys
Playing the whole day long,
With never a care their sweet faces to wear,
And never a thought of wrong.

Two little boys, at night,
Kneeling at mother's knee,
Saying a prayer they both may share,
Then sleeping as sweet as may be.

Two little baby boys—
Dreaming of play and fun—
Oh! may their way all the rest of their days,
Be happy and pure as begun.

L. L. J.

able to walk at all you know, and just think, to have to sit still in the house all the time with one's foot in a chair—what a dreadful burden that must be? And I'd like to make it a little easier for her if I can, at least for one day. 'Besides,' and Gracie lifted her blue eyes as her voice grew softer, 'You know what Miss Dean said to us last Sunday, that it was what Jesus would like to have us do, and I think he would rather have me go on to Marion's than to stay here and just have a good time for myself.'

It took courage for Gracie to say this as she was afraid that Kittie would laugh at her. For Kittie was somewhat spoiled and selfish.

Instead she threw her arms around Gracie. You're a dear to go and see Marion. I'd want you to come if I were in her place. And Dora I know would rather have a picnic than the doll party, we had that the last time she was here. I'll have Jane put up the things we were going to have in a basket, and we'll all go together to Marion's and have the good time just the same, only she shall be in it.'

A Novel 'Blessing.'

You always 'ask the blessing,' or 'say grace,' before taking your meals, do you not? So do the Christian boys and girls in India. When our little famine waifs reached Berhampore, we found that they had already learned a most curious and novel way of 'saying grace.' It was Mr. Vaughan who had taught them, and before he handed the children over to our charge he superintended two or three meals, and so we had an opportunity of learning from him what was their usual custom. When all were seated in a long line on the floor of the verandah with their tin bowls of rice before them, and were ready to begin to eat, Mr. Vaughan called for silence, and then in a loud voice cried: 'Probhu Jesunku Joy!' that is, 'Victory to the Lord Jesus!' All the youngsters came in with a mighty shout on the last word of the Uriya sentence, which is the word 'victory.' This sounded very pretty, and thoroughly Indian, as it resembles the rallying cry of the Hindu pilgrims at Puri in honor of their god Jagannath. The real reason, however, for the adoption of this method of 'asking the blessing' by our children was, that in the Government kitchens, where many of them had been kept for some time before coming to us, they had learned to shout out on receiving their food, 'Victory to the Illustrious and Great Queen!' thereby acknowledging what they owed to our late noble Queen Victoria, 'Empress of India.' Now they know that Jesus is the Giver of all good.—Gordon S. Wilkins, in 'L. M. S. Chronicle.'

What a Child's Sixpence Did.

A missionary from Australia was speaking at a meeting in a schoolroom in England. He told about his work where he had come from, and the great need of help. Next morning, as he was at breakfast at the clergyman's house, a little child, who had been present the evening before and heard his story, came shyly up to him and offered him sixpence, and wanted him to do something 'special with it.' He gave a promise, and bought with it a prayer-book. As he was waiting one day in church after his return to Australia, he saw a girl peep into the building. He spoke kindly to her, and found that she was a workhouse girl, sent out from England, and was going to a farm some twenty miles inland. He gave her the prayer-book with the request that she would read it. Several weeks passed away, and one day a rough-looking man came to him, and asked if he was the parson who had given his servant-girl a prayer-book. He then said that his wife was very ill and wanted to see the clergyman badly. Though it was twenty miles away, the clergyman went at once, and ministered to the poor woman. Some little time after this the man again made his appearance, and said that he had been talking to his neighbors, and that they were all willing to help, and they would build a church at their own expense, and with their own labor, if he would supply the services. The clergyman promised to do so as far as he could, and the church now stands, and services are held in it regularly. This was the outcome of the English child's sixpence.—'Christian Herald.'

The Daffodils.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er yales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Flutteringand dancing in the breeze

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;—
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.
—William Wordsworth.

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, ''Tis sweet to live;'
Somebody said, 'I'm glad to give;'
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right,
Was that somebody you?

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LESSON VII.—AUGUST 16.

Saul Tries to Kill David.

I. Samuel xviii., 5-16.

Golden Text.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psalm xlvi., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 10.—I. Sam. xviii., 5-16.
Tuesday, Aug. 11.—I. Sam. xviii., 17-30.
Wednesday, Aug. 12.—I. Sam. xix., 4-17.
Thursday, Aug. 13.—Gen. iv., 3-16.
Friday, Aug. 14.—Gen. xxxvii., 3-8, 23-28.
Saturday, Aug. 15.—I. John iii., 7-18.
Sunday, Aug. 16.—Ps. xvi., 1-11.

5. And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him, and behaved himself wisely: and Saul set him over the men of war, and he was accepted in the sight of all people, and also in the sight of Saul's servants.

6. And it came to pass as they came, when David was returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, that the women came out of all cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of musick.

7. And the women answered one another as they played, and said, Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands.

8. And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands: and what can he have more but the kingdom?

9. And Saul eyed David from that day and forward.

10. And it came to pass on the morrow, that the evil spirit from God came upon Saul, and he prophesied in the midst of the house: and David played with his hand, as at other times: and there was a javelin in Saul's hand.

11. And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, I will smite David even to the wall with it. And David avoided out of his presence twice.

12. And Saul was afraid of David, because the Lord was with him, and was departed from Saul.

13. Therefore Saul removed him from him, and made him his captain over a thousand; and he went out and came in before the people.

14. And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him.

15. Wherefore when Saul saw that he behaved himself very wisely, he was afraid of him.

16. But all Israel and Judah loved David, because he went out and came in before them.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

David's victory over Goliath led at once to the utter defeat of the Philistine army. Saul's attention was naturally attracted to the young man who had done so much for Israel, and, after inquiry about him and a brief conversation with him, Saul took David and would let him return no more to his father's house. The king's son, Jonathan, at once formed such an attachment for David that their friendship has become proverbial, and they made a covenant together.

The time of these events was in the eleventh century before Christ, though the exact date is not known. Saul had reigned about fifteen years. In the lesson for to-day we have an account of the way David came into favor in Israel and Saul's jealousy and attempt upon his life.

This lesson divides itself very readily into four parts:

1. David's promotion, 5; 2. Saul's jealousy, 6-9; 3. The attempt on David's life, 10, 11; 4. David's popularity, 12-16.

A merely brave man is not always successful. One must have character in order to carry on the affairs of his life, as well as courage for this or that emergency. Indeed, one must have character to endure success. An act of heroism which brings fame to a man, especially to a young man, often reveals the weakness of his moral nature by developing a foolish conceit and a vanity that leads to his undoing.

But David had character, for we are told in verse 5 that he behaved himself wisely. Can you suggest a reason why he was not carried away by the honor and success that had come to him thus early in life? In I. Samuel, xvi., 13, as you will remember, we learned that the Spirit of the Lord came upon David. Not only is God's spirit given for special service, but, if he abides in a man, he keeps him from sin and spiritual failure.

It is not surprising that David's heroism and his wisdom led to a promotion, for the king set him over the men of war. Then, too, people at large and also Saul's own servants found him an acceptable man. He had that valuable quality of making and keeping friends.

In I. Samuel, xvi., 14 we read, 'But the spirit of the Lord departed from Saul.' With the loss of God's favor came the loss of the reward of his subjects, as we now see.

When the now victorious army was returning from the campaign against the Philistines the women, according to an Oriental custom, came out and sang and danced to celebrate the victory. But they gave David greater praise than Saul, as you will see by verse 7.

This roused the jealous anger of the monarch at once. He was willing to recognize ability and to advance a valuable man to a good position, but in this public triumph Saul seems to gather from the lips of the exultant women that this young man David may go higher than his king wants him to go. His triumph and popularity are now so great that the jealous king is compelled to ask himself, 'What can he have more than the kingdom?' Saul feels his throne in danger and from that day his jealous eye was upon the young man, who, but a short time since, was an unknown shepherd boy.

The day following the triumphal songs of the women Saul's evil spirit came upon him. This is spoken of as an evil spirit from God, not because God deliberately chose to have Saul do wickedly, but because on account of Saul's rebellious heart and conduct his own spirit was withdrawn, and thus God allowed an evil spirit to possess the king.

There seems to be some uncertainty about what is meant by prophesying in the midst of the house, but it is possible to interpret it as meaning that the king raved or talked madly. David played upon his harp, to calm the troubled king, as he had been accustomed to do before he became so prominent. The javelin which Saul had was a short spear, a sort of royal emblem, which may always have been in the king's hand or within reach.

Then the jealousy which had taken possession of the king's heart gave place to a murderous impulse. Here was David playing the harp, he would lift his spear and kill him, and that would end any danger to the throne from that quarter. So Saul raised his weapon against David, but the latter escaped. This was twice repeated. The word 'avoided,' as here used, means to withdraw, to escape from. So no harm came to anyone but the king himself, whose evil intention was just one more sin to his charge. He that hateth his brother is a murderer.

It is strange that, after speaking of Saul's attempt to kill David, the very next verse would say, 'And Saul was afraid of David.' It was not David who was afraid, but the explanation is given in the words that follow, 'because the Lord was with him, and was departed from Saul.'

Then Saul removed David from his immediate presence, and made him captain over a thousand men. He seems to have feared to have the young man near him, yet he dared not degrade him, for he was too popular, so he sent him away from his presence with a royal military commission.

Again we are told that David behaved himself wisely. He still did not lose his head over the authority and increasing popularity that were his, but went about his business in a straightforward way.

'Israel and Judah' loved David, because he came and went before them, he could be seen by the people constantly and they could come into contact with him. Though Judah is separately named here, the kingdom had not yet been divided.

So Saul is left to his evil spirit, to his realization of failure, to his knowledge that the kingdom is slipping from him, to the loneliness of a godless soul, and to the gloomy silence that followed the dismissal of the cheering harper whom he had come to hate. But David goes on to greater and better things.

This lesson can be made the subject of a special study of the difference between a life controlled by the spirit and one that knows him not. Next week the lesson is 'David and Jonathan,' I. Samuel, xx., 12-23.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Aug. 16.—Topic—Lesson from Paul: how to use tact in dealing with men. I. Cor. ix., 19-23.

Junior C. E. Topic

MY FAVORITE BIBLE PROVERB.

Monday, August 10.—A prudent man. Prov. xxvii., 12.

Tuesday, Aug. 11.—A soft answer. Prov. xv., 1.

Wednesday, Aug. 12.—A wise son. Prov. x., 1.

Thursday, Aug. 13.—A fool. Prov. xxvi. 12.

Friday, Aug. 14.—Cheating weights. Prov. xi., 1.

Saturday, Aug. 15.—A good name. Prov. xxii., 1.

Sunday, Aug. 16.—Topic—My favorite Bible proverb, and why? Prov. ii., 1-9.

There is less daily Bible reading in the home than there used to be. Family worship, once universal in Christian homes, has, no doubt reluctantly, and most unfortunately, ceased to be the rule in days when life is hurried and business drives, and men are tethered by train schedules, and women occupied with a dozen outside affairs where formerly their households were their exclusive interest. Apart from the quiet and benign influence exerted on character by the family meeting for prayer, apart from its soft but firm restraint in hours of temptation, and its sweet associations in memory when away from home, young people have lost the benefit of familiarity with God's Word. That familiarity meant, when each morning and evening boys and girls listened to the beautiful passages of Isaiah and John, to the kindling and burning words of Paul, to the tender story of the Master upon earth, an acquaintance with the loftiest ethics and the most matchless style in the whole round of literature. Nothing can give our young people now what their fathers and grandfathers had, unless or until, family worship is again restored to its old-time place.—Margaret E. Sangster.

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Temperance

A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

[The Kilgour family are engaged in a desperate struggle to save the idolized youngest son, Claude, from the curse of cigarette smoking. The death of his brother Willie has aroused the remnant of his manhood, and he is now himself resolved to break the habit.]

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Now the company of the roughest men and boys in the yards amply fulfilled his social requirement. Their language and habits never disturbed him. He was quite happy in the society of the commonest Frenchmen in the yards and would have been only too glad to join them in their recreations after work-hours had he been allowed to do so. Ralph saw all this, but still he worked and prayed for better things. One day he was enabled for an hour to leave the office, where he was employed as head operator, and took a walk over the shops. It happened to be a breathing spell for a few of the hands, and Claude was finally discovered in a freight car, playing cards, and smoking a villainous pipe. That night he stoutly maintained that there was no harm in a friendly game of cards and that ordinary tobacco wouldn't hurt him. Antoine Mousseau had given it to him.

'Stop there,' said Ralph. 'I found out that you traded off your silver cuff button to Jim O'Donnelly for a supply. You came home last night and told mother you had lost it, and she had to buy you another. Claude, Claude, what hope is there for you when you will lie and steal?'

Ralph administered very potent medicine to Claude in the shape of another sound thrashing. Perhaps in some cases this might not be found to work so well, but, used as a last resort, with Claude it had always proved a beneficial measure. Ralph believed that when boundless tact, prayerful wisdom, unfaltering kindness, forbearance and helpfulness all failed in their effort on a depraved or wilfully bad boy, the good old-fashioned rod of the wise Solomon's hearty recommendation possessed an unquenchable virtue even unto this day and generation.

One day Mrs. Dalton called to Claude, as he was passing to his work, and gave him two dollars to hand to the foreman, who was her landlord, this sum being the balance due on the month's rent of her cottage.

Claude took the money, and kept it until he found an opportunity to play it in a game of cards, hoping to turn from it a few dollars on his own account before handing it to the rightful owner. Though he had become an expert player, considering his age, and had often won small amounts, his play this time proved unlucky, and he lost the entire sum. He now had sufficient fear of Ralph not to trust to luck and time to straighten himself, but he went at once to Mrs. Dalton, telling her he had lost the money, but saying that if she would be so kind as to wait the few days intervening before pay-day he would make it good. Mrs. Dalton, quite unaware of the fact that Claude was not allowed to handle a cent of his pay, kindly and heartily agreed to do this, also promising not to mention the loss to anyone. It crept out, however, through the foreman's asking Dalton for the amount on pay-day, and his learning from him for the first time that Mrs. Dalton had sent the money by Claude a week before. At noon Dalton learned from his wife of the loss and Claude's promise to pay, so when on the next day the money was not forthcoming to either landlord or to tenant, Dalton paid Foreman Miller and went to Ralph for his dues. The sum was promptly paid, with an apology for the delay, Ralph, in his wounded pride, never letting Dalton suspect that he had not been cognizant of the debt.

CHAPTER VIII.

It took some days of patient and persistent effort on Ralph's part to get at the truth concerning the little coterie who indulged in gambling during spare and noon hours, for he was rightly convinced that it was in this manner that Claude 'lost' the money. Ralph was lied to and hoodwinked by the Frenchmen who, with their characteristic shrugs, knew 'nodings,' while the English-speaking hands considered it none of their business who played cards.

In his own little ring Claude posed as an injured martyr, tyrannized over by his brother, who had succeeded in turning his family against him and in depriving him of liberty and wages. Even at his worst Claude possessed more than a remnant of the fascinating, lovable personality which had won all hearts from his babyhood, and he had not a so-called 'friend' who would not have stood up for and shielded to the death the winning-mannered, golden-haired boy.

Upon this occasion, when taxed with his theft, Claude was both rebellious and impertinent. He vowed he would no longer stand being interfered with and tyrannized over.

'Claude, it is all to help you until you get stronger, not to punish you, that you are guarded,' pleaded Alice.

'Young man,' said Ralph, 'if running away is your scheme, let me tell you that I have exhausted every means to keep you at home until you can come to your senses. I can do nothing more, nor will I try. Only let me tell you this: When you grow up the detectives and police in the country will be upon your track armed with warrants for your arrest both as a thief and a forger.'

Ralph had found a cheque, which had evidently dropped out of Claude's clothes, bearing his mother's imitated signature, most skillfully forged.

'If you have a spark of natural feeling left for your heart-broken mother and sister, spare them that.'

A heart-rending moan from his white-faced mother struck Claude to the heart. He looked at her. Two years before she had been a young-looking, pretty little woman, with tender, brown eyes sparkling with love and gaiety, with shining brown hair, pink cheeks and erect, graceful figure. Poor little mother! (Oh, poor, poor mothers and wives all over this sin-cursed nation!) Her shoulders are now stooped pathetically, her bright hair is whitened, and is drawn back from a forehead lined with anguish, the sad, lustreless eyes gaze piteously upon her boy, her cheek is white and wrinkled, and her pretty mouth droops sorrowfully.

Something of all this flashed across Claude's heart in that shamed glance—his dear mother, who had suffered such anguish for him yet never had failed in tenderest love, unfaltering kindness! Claude turned away and broke into a passionate torrent of sobs: 'Oh, why don't you kill me, or turn me out, or send me to jail? I am not fit to live. I am the vilest wretch that ever breathed. There is no use in trying to do anything with me; can't you see it? I will kill myself.'

'Claude, can't you pray for yourself?' whispered Alice, softly. 'Jesus can save to the uttermost. Only place yourself, like a helpless little child, in his hands, and he will do all for you. Can you not do that?'

'I could now, and mean it, too, but tomorrow I would not care. I never can care. I want to care, and I wish I could, but I can't make things really matter to me. I would just as soon lie or steal as not. I don't get interested in anything but smoking or talking to the train boys. You take me to church and invite nice company here for me, and put me in the way of all the good and interesting things you think will help me, but nothing seems to make any lasting impression on me. I tell you, my mind is destroyed.

The reformatory had been frequently discussed as a means of redeeming Claude. Ralph had made all the private investigations possible—had consulted the old and honored fountain-head of shrewd, kindly wisdom, Magistrate Tarblett, and had written to the rector at Penetanguishene for information as to a depraved boy's chances to be permanently reformed and become an honest member of society.

(To be continued.)

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The following are the contents of the issue of July 25, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Leo's Epitaph—'Sunday Sun,' New York.
The Passing of a Pontiff, Strange Old Formalities at the Pope's Death-Bed—The New York 'Sun.'
The Last State of Pekin—By Mrs. Archibald Little, in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Worst Postal Service in the Civilized World—By James L. Cowles, in the 'Outlook,' New York.
Wall Street—The 'Evening Post,' New York.
August Bebel, the Leader of the Strongest Party in Germany—'Fortnightly Review,' Abridged.
The Great Race in Retrospect—By Henry Norman, M.P., in the 'Westminster Budget.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

James McNeil Whistler—The American Papers.
Stories About Whistler—The New York 'Sun,'—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

So Be My Passing—Poem, by William Ernest Henley.
On the Grasshopper and Cricket—John Keats.
A Summer Morning—Poem, by Katherine Pyle.
The Poet's Charter, or the Book of Job—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Autobiography of Leigh Hunt—The 'Standard,' London.
A Challenge to the Critics—By an Ungrateful Author, in the 'National Review,' Abridged.
The Waking of the Birds in England—By E. K. Robinson, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

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Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—You will be interested to know the results of the Scripture Competition which closed on July 15. The best two sets of answers were received from Roy MacHardy and S. H. Manson, both aged thirteen. They were very neatly written and well arranged. The two next best were very tidy too, but each had seven fewer references. The senders of these two were Edith J. Hunter, aged sixteen, whose answer was one of the first to come in, and Ida McNair, aged fourteen, who has arranged her paper very systematically.

In all our competitions we like to have the answers written in ink, and on only one side of the people. And you must not mind if there are sometimes little catches in the way the questions are put, for instance, in this competition the word 'bird' did not occur in the Psalms mentioned. In such a case it would be correct to say that the word does not occur, or to give an equivalent, as in the case 'Fowls of the air.'

A NEW COMPETITION.

Here is a list of quotations from a new version of the New Testament. How many of you can find the verses which they represent in your own Bibles? The texts are in the Epistle of St. James:

(1) Even a farmer has to wait for the crop so precious to him.

(2) Every perfect endowment is from above.

(3) In his case faith and actions went together.

(4) Put that teaching into practice and do not merely listen to it,

(5) Such a man's religious observances are valueless.

(6) God is opposed to the haughty.

(7) To keep oneself from the contamination of the world.

(8) Think how tiny a spark will set the largest fire ablaze.

Here are the names of the first of the Tinies who got the right answers:—Helena Isabel Mackenzie, 8 years; Frederick Wallace, Wesley Grey, 8 years; Margaret McLean, 11 years; Violet Jane McClenaghan, Leonard Faulkiner, Gwendolyn Elder, Greta Hortence Read, Mary F. B., Mary C. Mackenzie, Annie F. Ramage, Annie Isabel McLachlan, Lizzie Henderson, Frank Macdonald.

The names of the other successful Tinies will be given later. Please don't forget to write your age in sending in answers.

(Editor of the Correspondence.)

(We print S. H. Manson's paper and Roy MacHardy's as equally good.—Ed.)

(By S. H. Manson.)

Money—Psalm xv., 5: Putteth not out money to usury.

Gold—Psalm xix., 10: More to be desired than gold; yea, than much fine gold.

Words—Psalm xix., 14: Let the words of my mouth be acceptable.

Psalm xix., 4: Their words to the end of the world.

Backbiteth—Psalm xv., 3: He that backbiteth not with his tongue.

Reproach—Psalm xv., 3: Not a reproach against neighbor.

Speech—Psalm xix., 2: Day unto day uttereth speech. Psalm xix., 3: There is no speech where voice is not.

Oil—Psalm xxiii., 5: Thou anointest my head with oil.

Honey—Psalm xix., 10: Judgment sweeter than honey.

Table—Psalm xxiii., 5: Thou preparest a table before me.

Cup—Psalm xxiii., 5: My cup runneth over.

Earth—Psalm viii., 1: Excellent in all the earth. Psalm xix., 4: Their line through all the earth. Psalm lxvii., 2: Way known upon earth. Psalm lxvii., 4: Govern nations upon earth. Psalm lxvii., 6: Earth yield her increase. Psalm lxvii., 7: Ends of earth shall fear him. Psalm cxxi., 2: Lord made heaven and earth.

Waters—Psalm xxiii., 2: Leadeth me beside waters.

Rivers of water—Psalm i., 3: Tree planted by rivers of water.

Tree—Psalm i., 3: Tree planted by rivers of water.

Valley—Psalm xxiii., 4: The valley of the shadow of death.

Hills—Psalm cxxi., 1: Lift up mine eyes unto the hills.

Firmament—Psalm xix., 1: Firmament sheweth his handiwork.

Sun—Psalm xix., 4: Tabernacle for sun. Psalm cxxi., 6: The sun shall not smite thee.

Leaf—Psalm i., 3: His leaf shall not wither.

Moon—Psalm viii., 3: Thou hast ordained the moon. Psalm cxxi., 6: The moon shall not smite thee.

Stars—Psalm viii., 3: Thou hast ordained the stars.

Head—Psalm xxiii., 5: Thou anointest my head with oil.

Foot—Psalm cxxi., 3: Will not suffer thy foot to be moved.

Hand—Psalm cxxi., 5: The Lord is shade on thy right hand.

Eyes—Psalm xix., 8: Commandment enlighten eyes. Psalm xv., 4: In whose eyes vile persons is contemned. Psalm cxxi., 1: Will lift up mine eyes to the hills.

Soul—Psalm xix., 7: Law perfect, converting soul. Psalm xxiii., 3: He restoreth my soul. Psalm cxxi., 7: He shall preserve thy soul.

Heart—Psalm xv., 2: Speaketh the truth in his heart. Psalm xix., 14: The meditation of my heart. Psalm xix., 8: Statutes of Lord are right, rejoicing the heart.

Mouth—Psalm viii., 2: Out of mouth of babes. Psalm xix., 14: Let the words of my mouth.

Face—Psalm lxvii., 1: Cause his face to shine.

Bird—

Fish—Psalm viii., 8: Put the fish under his feet.

Sheep—Psalm viii., 7: Thou hast given him all sheep.

Oxen—Psalm viii., 7: Thou hast given him all oxen.

Nations—Psalm lxvii., 2: Thy saving health among all nations. Psalm lxvii., 4: Let nations be glad.

People—Psalm lxvii., 3: Let the people praise thee. Psalm lxvii., 4: Thou shalt judge people. Psalm lxvii., 5: Let the people praise thee.

Reward—Psalm xix., 11: There is a great reward. Psalm xv., 5: Nor taketh reward against innocent.

Delight—Psalm i., 2: His delight is in the law of the Lord.

Staff—Psalm xxiii., 4: Thy staff comforts me.

Health—Psalm lxvii., 2: Thy saving health may be known.

Increase—Psalm lxvii., 6: Earth yield her increase.

Shade—Psalm cxxi., 5: The Lord is thy shade upon right.

Heat—Psalm xix., 6: There is nothing hid from the heat.

Fergus.

Dear Editor,—Mother and I hunted up all the words in the Psalms you mentioned. I think it is a nice way to spend Sunday afternoon. I guess lots of the boys and girls will be getting their mothers to help them to-day. I like the xxiii. Psalm best. My little sister who is dead used to say it every night after her prayer. I think it would be nice to give us a Bible puzzle every week. Hunting for them makes us study our Bibles more. What do the rest of the boys and girls think?

ROY MacHARDY (13).

Earth—Psalm viii., 1-9: God's glory magnified by his works and his love to man. Psalm xix., 4: Heaven, earth and creatures show God's glory. Psalm lxvii., 2: Prayer that God's way may be known on earth. Psalm viii., 1; xix., 4; lxvii., 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9; cxxi., 2: Help cometh from God.

Waters—Psalm xxiii., 2: The Lord leadeth us beside still waters.

Rivers of water—Psalm i., 3: Happiness of God's people compared to all that is delightful.

Tree—Psalm i., 3: Happiness of God's people.

Valley—Psalm xxiii., 4: God will lead us through the valley of death.

Hills—Psalm cxxi., 15-1: Look up and trust God. The upright shall dwell in God's holy hill.

Firmament—Psalm xix., 1: Shows God's glory.

Sun—Psalm xix., 4; cxxi., 6: Shows God's glory. Shall not smite God's people.

Leaf—Psalm i., 3: Happiness of God's people.

Moon—Psalm viii., 3; cxxi., 6: God's glory shown by his works. Safety of God's people.

Stars—Psalm viii., 3: God's glory shown by his works.

Foot—Psalm xxiii., 5: God's goodness.

Hand—Psalm viii., 6; cxxi., 5: God's love to man. Safety of God's people.

Eyes—Psalm xix., 8; cxxi., 1: The law of the Lord enlightens. Trust in God.

Soul, Psalm xxiii., 3; cxxi., 7: God's grace. God protects those who trust him.

Heart—Psalm xix., 8-14; xv., 2: God's law (8) rejoices the heart. Prayer (14) for grace.

Mouth—Psalm viii., 2; xix., 14: God's glory shown.

Face—Psalm lxvii., 1.

Bird or Fowl—Psalm viii., 8: God's love to man giving him dominion over.

Fish—Psalm viii., 8: God's love to man giving him dominion over.

Sheep—Psalm viii., 7: God's love to man giving him dominion over.

Oxen—Psalm viii., 7: God's love to man giving him dominion over.

People—Psalm lxvii., 3, 4, 5: Joy of the people. Prayer for enlargement of God's kingdom.

Nations—Psalm lxvii., 2-4: Prayer for enlargement of God's kingdom.

Reward—Psalm xv., 5; xix., 11: Honesty. Great reward to those who keep God's commandments.

Delight—Psalm i., 2: Happiness of the godly.

Staff—Psalm xxiii., 4: God's word our comfort in death.

Health—Psalm lxvii., 2: God is able to save all nations.

Increase—Psalm lxvii., 6: The earth shall yield increase to God's people.

Shade—Psalm cxxi., 5: Those who trust in God are safe.

Heat—Psalm xix., 6: Showing God's glory.

Money—Psalm xv., 5: A good man will put his money to good use.

Gold—Psalm xix., 10: The law of the Lord is more desirable than gold.

Words—Psalm xix., 14: Prayer for grace.

Backbiting—xv., 3: A good man will not backbite his neighbor.

Reproach—Psalm xv., 3: A good man will not reproach his neighbor.

Speech—Psalm xix., 2, 3: Everything showing God's glory.

Oil—Psalm xxiii., 5: Confidence in God's goodness.

Honey—Psalm xix., 10: God's law is sweeter than honey.

Table—Psalm xxiii., 5: Confidence in God's goodness.

Cup—Psalm xxiii., 5: God's goodness to us is like a cup running over.

Dodger's Cove, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am an Indian boy; I live at Dodger's Cove, on the west coast of Vancouver Island. I go to school, and am learning to read and write. My teacher takes the 'Messenger,' and asked me to write you a letter. There are twenty-seven children of school age in our village. I went out last month with my father and six other men in a canoe to catch a whale. There were three other canoes with us. One of the spearmen threw a harpoon into a large whale, but the harpoon pulled out and we lost him. We have a long rope fastened to the harpoon, nd it is quick work when the whale is struck.

MOSES S.

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THE BABY'S OWN

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger,' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

HOUSEHOLD.

Hints for the Laundry.

A practical laundress says:—

That all towels should be thoroughly dried before they are put in the hamper.

That clothes-pins are made much more durable by boiling for ten minutes before they are used.

That linen may be made beautifully white by the use of a little refined borax in the water instead of using a washing fluid.

That blankets should be washed in moderately warm water, in which has been put a teaspoonful of ammonia to each gallon of water.

That wash fabrics that are inclined to fade should be soaked and rinsed in very salt water, to set the color, before washing in the suds.

That calicoes, ginghams, and chintzes should be ironed on the wrong side.

That a very hot iron should never be used for flannels or woollens.

That napkins should be folded with the selvedge towards the ironer.

That embroideries should be ironed on a thin, smooth surface over thick flannel and only on the wrong side.—'Michigan Advocate.'

Typhoid Fever.

We present a few facts that our readers ought to know about typhoid fever. While not the most deadly of diseases, modern medical practice having reduced the percentage of mortality to about six percent, it is extremely debilitating, and often attended by very serious and lasting complications. It is a germ disease, and is communicable so far as we know in only one way. The germ must be taken into the system in food or drink. The germs exist in drinking water, which has come in contact with the sewage of communities or old wells that have been tainted by being too near dwellings. The poison is mitigated by various acids, but it is surely killed by great heat. The best way to insure against the disease is to boil the drinking water. Milk and oysters are occasionally sources of infection. Remember that the germs must be eaten or drunk, and that a person who drinks only water or milk that has been boiled, and refrains from eating raw oysters or vegetables, is in about as much danger from typhoid as he is from death by lightning. Immunity from the disease even during epidemics depends upon the exercise of a very small degree of caution.—'Collier's Weekly.'

Selected Recipes

Almond Cup Pudding.—Butter well and dust with sugar five or six small cups; fill three-fourths full with the following: Four tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs soaked in one cupful of hot milk, two tablespoonfuls of ground rice, same amount of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of blanched and finely-chopped almonds and two eggs well beaten. Mix all thoroughly, set the cups in a pan of water and bake in a brisk oven for thirty minutes. Serve hot with custard or lemon sauce.

Fig Pudding. One cupful of molasses, one cupful of chopped suet, one of milk, three and a quarter of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg, one pint of figs. Mix together the molasses, suet, spice and the figs, cut fine. Dissolve the soda with a tablespoonful of hot water and mix with the milk. Add to the other ingredients. Beat the eggs light and stir into the mixture. Add the flour and beat thoroughly. Butter a mould and turn the mixture into it and steam for five hours. Serve with foamy sauce.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and American Governments, through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada., and Washington, D.C. Information relating to the patents cited will be supplied by applying to the above-named firm.

Canada—Nos. 81,969, Wm. Jas. D. Cummings, Dexter, Ont., bag fastener; 81,989, Emile Vegiard dit Labonte, Montreal, Que., painting and cleaning apparatus; 82,017, Romuald E. Painchaud, Montreal, Que., combination child's table and baby walker; 82,022, Sydney Bolton Paterson, St. John, N.B., card cornering machine; 82,063, Ebenezer J. Moore, Windsor Mills, Que., device for cutting saw-teeth.

United States—Nos. 730,864, Damase Beaulieu, Matane, Que., automatic fire alarm; 731,179, Messrs. Harrison & Hinch, St. Mary's, N.W.T., disk plough; 731,454, Harold W. Higgins, Montreal, Que., coffee pot; 731,575, H. Addison Johnston, Ingersoll, Ont., hair supporter.

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